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THE McAULEYAN

Vol. XIX - No. 1

Catherine McAuley High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

November, 1959

Maryknoll Missionary Addresses Assembly

By Marie Regan

The faculty and student body of Catherine McAuley were privileged to be hosts to Sister Jane Imelda, a Maryknoll Missionary. After a tour of the school, Sister addressed the first Junior and Senior assemblies.

During the course of her talk, Sister vividly detailed many frightening incidents which she experienced while laboring in China. Her assignment was unceremoniously terminated by the Communists who forced Sister and her companions to flee to Hong Kong for refuge. She described with humor the various obstacles a missionary encounters in a foreign land. For one thing, the language barrier must be surmounted if any progress is to be made with the natives. Sister told the students that a missionary does not cease to study once she has obtained a grasp upon the fundamentals of the language she wishes to learn, but rather continues her studies indefinitely in order to acquire a wider vocabulary and greater fluency in her use of the language. The girls particularly enjoyed her intonation of the Hail Mary in Chinese with its many difficult inflections.



Sister Jane Imelda accepts contribution on behalf of the school from Carol Krueger, one of the Co-Editors of the McAuleyan.

McAuleyan Represents Brooklyn At Empire Girls' State

In June, the eighteenth annual session of Empire Girls' State was held on the beautiful eighty-acre campus of State University College of Education, New Paltz, New York. Carol Anne Sawicki of the 4A-4 represented McAuley and Brooklyn at these information sessions on government.

This program, sponsored by the American Legion Auxiliary, enabled 275 high school juniors to learn the processes of government by the workshop method. The girls heard inspiring talks by recognized authorities and holders of major political offices. They were given the occasion to nominate their party candidates at caucuses based on real political conventions, campaign for them at a rally held in the streets of New Paltz, and vote for them on actual voting machines. In other words, the girls learned both by listening and by doing.

Although Empire Girls' State is primarily an educational project, it was not all work and no play. Athletic equipment was available to all the girls. In addition, a picnic and square dance were held. The girls, themselves, produced a musical and skit night.

On their last evening, the girls were officially graduated from Empire Girls' State. They were presented with pins and their cherished "diplomas." The five leading officials were sworn into office by the Deputy Secretary of the State of New York, Mr. Bernard Gray Gordon. Two of the girls attending, were chosen to represent New York at the annual Girls' Nation held in Washington, D.C. A formal reception and candlelight ceremony ended the memorable stay at Empire Girls' State.

In this way, the American Legion Auxiliary is helping young people to attain an intelligent viewpoint on our democratic way of life.

WELCOME, SISTER

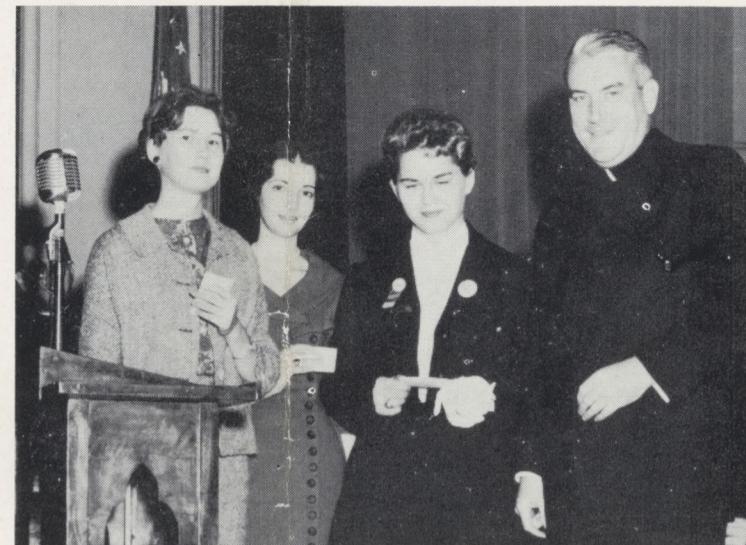
McAuleyans take pleasure in extending their warmest welcome to Sister Mary Cleophas, a new member of the faculty. Sister, formerly of Our Lady of Mercy Academy, Syosset, exchanged places with Sister Mary Rosarita.

The entire student body wishes Sister a happy stay at McAuley and the best of everything.

Welcome, Sister Mary Cleophas!

"The McAuleyan" wishes to extend its sincere congratulations to "The Seraph" upon their award of the Format Trophy at the Diocesan Press Conference.

Staff Will Format Prize
Dolores Reina Accepts Awards for Paper



Rev. Joseph E. Hogan, C.M., presents Editor-in-Chief award to Dolores Reina, center.

By Susan Weida

On October 23, the Thirteenth Annual Diocesan Press Awards and Exhibit Day was held. Students from twenty Brooklyn schools assembled in the "Monsignor Ross Auditorium," in Bishop McDonnell Memorial High School.

Honors and prizes were awarded to paper, staff and writers in 14 different fields of journalism. The highest award of the day, the "Format Trophy," went to the "Seraph" of St. Francis Prep. The McAuleyan was commended in four different fields: Margaret Kane was honored for her Book Review and again for the Catholic tone of her writing. Last year's Editor, Dolores Reina, received the prize of Editor-in-Chief for her skill in managing the paper. Dolores also accepted, in the name of the McAuleyan, the Format prize, awarded for excellence in arrangement of the paper layout.

Representing Catherine McAuley were members of the Press Club, their moderator, Sr. Mary Eugene, and the Leo Honor Society, moderated by Sr. Mary Valeria.

Presiding over the Conference and its happenings was Rev. Joseph E. Hogan, Executive Vice President of St. John's University. He was assisted by Rev. William G. Scanlan in presenting the awards. Rev. Raymond S. Leonard, Book Reviewer for "The Tablet," gave an inspiring talk on "The Power of Words," and urged those who enjoy writing to practice for two minutes each day on any subject they desire so as to develop a style and technique of their own. Monsignor J. Hald and Rev. W. Cavanaugh also were present to extend their congratulations.

Following the distribution of awards and the ending of the Conference, the audience was invited to browse and inspect the papers and yearbooks from all attending schools.

MERCIAN Cited as Yearbook of Distinction

By Barbara Judge

During the month of October, as a result of various journalistic contests held throughout the country, the 1959 MERCIAN was awarded three of the most distinguished honors available for excellent coverage of all school activities for a given year.

The Catholic Press Association entitles the MERCIAN, "Yearbook of Distinction," commanding it especially for its genuine quality and serious tone in expressing the school values. This particular notification is given to only ten percent of the yearbook publications in the nation.

Besides this outstanding acknowledgement, the 1959 MERCIAN was also presented with the Medalist Certificate. This coveted prize is the highest award obtainable in the 25th annual contest conducted by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. Once again the plan and content coverage of the book, photography and title page were pointed out as significantly noteworthy.

Finally, the 1959 MERCIAN was given an "A" rating from the National School Yearbook Association with the comment, "Excellent — Very fine job."



L. to R.: Camille and Rosina Locasto, co-editors of "1960 Mercian"

We would also like to echo this compliment with our sincere congratulations to the moderators, Sister Mary Fabian and Sister Mary Claver, the former editors Kathleen Renz, Jo Ann Giordano and Joan Doyle. Also, sincere praise is extended to Camille and Rosina Locasto, to Carol Ann Krueger, and to the present staff members for their tireless energy and efforts which have made the MERCIAN, a "Yearbook of Distinction."

McAULEYAN Announces New Staff



L. to R.: Geraldine Smith, Co-Editor, and Metrodora Evangelatos, Editor-in-Chief, plan the next issue of the paper.

At the beginning of the school year, the new staff of *The McAuleyan* was announced by Sister Mary Eugene, the Press Club Moderator.

Sister chose Metrodora Evangelatos 4A-1 as editor-in-chief with Geraldine Smith 4A-4 and Carol Krueger 4A-2 as co-editors.

The offices of News Editor, Feature Editor, and Sports Editor were filled through popular election by Press Club members. Ruthann Donahue 4A-1, Margaret Kane 4A-2, Joanne Vitale 4A-4 and Barbara Judge 4A-2 hold respective positions.

The girls elected to these offices have been regular members of the Press Club for at least two years and participants in various other extra-curricular activities.

Margaret Kane 4A-2, the new Feature Editor, won recognition and acclaim at the annual Press Awards meeting on October 27, by being cited for her work in last year's *McAuleyan* in the Book Review and Catholic Tone areas.

During the coming year, the new staff will endeavor to increase interest in the *McAuleyan* by introducing new features it feels will be appealing to the student body.

Highlights

Seniors beware! December 11 is quickly dawning and the time left to shop for a date and duds is getting short.

The Mission Sale, to be held in the gym, the week of December 14 needs your support. So c'mon girls, let's boost it with lots of wampum, vigor and vitality.

Pills on Headaches, lend me your ears; we're paying for aspirins after all these years.

"**The Sound of Music,**" the new Rogers and Hammerstein production starring Mary Martin, will be seen by many McAuleyans during the spring, as a result of the Booster Drive. From the buzz of expectant voices, all will be looking forward to that day in May.

Go in the right door, keep to the right lane, 'cause Sister Mary Thomas is on a Safety Campaign.

The Alumnae, at their first meeting held elections for new officers. The polls taken, the votes cast, the results read Nancy Fiore, President, Mary Jane Powers, Vice-President, and Mary Enright, Secretary.

"We're gonna beat that team!"
Panic button buzzed frequently on Friday, the thirteenth, as the Alumnae "skinned 'em alive."

McAuley has undergone some club changes with Sister Mary Sebastian becoming the new moderator of the Junior Sacristans.

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| Published by Students of | |
| THE CATHERINE McAULEY COMMERCIAL HIGH SCHOOL | |
| Foster Avenue and East 37th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. | |
| Vol. XIX - No. I | 345 |
| | November, 1959 |
| Editor | METRODORA EVANGELATOS |
| Co-Editors | CAROL KRUEGER, GERALDINE SMITH BARBARA JUDGE, MARJORIE KANE JOANNE VITALE, RUTHANN DONOHUE |
| Business Secretary | LENA BISHOP |
| Financial Secretary | DOROTHY TRAVAGLIONE |
| Principal | MOTHER MARY EUSTACE |
| Moderator | SISTER MARY EUGENE |
| | |
| | |
| News Reporters | |
| R. Aruanno | I. Driscoll |
| M. Cox | D. Durante |
| G. Cronin | M. Fiedler |
| K. Culley | S. Fonterosa |
| D. De Sena | E. Foster |
| K. Donahue | M. Giardina |
| P. Donnelly | A. E. Heenan |
| E. Doyle | C. Mulheir |
| J. Pisano | M. Regan |
| M. Russo | C. Sawicki |
| M. Tesar | M. Walsh |
| S. Weida | R. Wisnewski |

LETTERS to the Editor

Dear Editor —

May I commend the caretakers of the school on their wonderful tending of the gardens? It's a pleasure to see how beautiful the campus looks year after year.

Flower Admirer

* * *

Dear Editor —

Last year I particularly enjoyed the column, "Tune Twitters." I am looking forward to seeing it again.

Lighthearted McAuleyan

The staff is very pleased with the popularity this column is enjoying. It will continue as a regular feature.

* * *

Dear Editor —

Why can't we have a Tea Dance some day after school and invite boys' high schools?

Member of the Boston Tea Party

Sorry—we can't afford the tea!

* * *

Dear Editor —

Why are all the school functions held on Friday nights?

No comment

Because Mass is on Sunday, sil-

ly.

* * *

Dear Editor —

How about a repeat of the play that was staged in McAuley two years ago by professional players. The comedy that was presented was most enjoyable.

Stage-Struck

A petition to Mother Eustace might secure results along those lines.

* * *

Dear Editor:

In many of our high schools, they have machines that supply a varied amount of fruit. May I suggest that we too should give it a chance and perhaps conquer the battle of the bulge?

A Calorie-Counter

Good idea, we'll see if something can be done.

* * *

Dear Editor:

Our school yard is an excellent place for recreation during lunch time. Why can't those desiring fresh air be allowed to stroll in our yard for a few minutes during mild days?

Fresh-Air Fiend

Unfortunately, someone might get carried away.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I seem to be always running to the 1st floor for a drink of water. What happened to the faucets on the 2nd and 3rd floors?

Weary Traveler

Apparently the oasis has gone dry!

My Mind Is a Wandering

By Pat Faracy

Farewell to my day-dreams,
Farewell to free thoughts
Of far away castles and adventure
filled ports;
Today it is Monday, the week-end
has passed
So back to my books and my place
in the class.

My mind is a'wandering, my mind
is not here;
My mind is a'drifting to places
of cheer;
To places of laughter, and dancing
and play;

My mind is a'wandering, I can't
make it stay.

Farewell to the loafing I did for
two days;
Farewell to my day-dreams of
beaches and bays;
Farewell to the weekend, I had
such a ball;
Farewell, I must say, farewell to
it all.

My mind is a'wandering, my mind
is not here;
If Sister should call me, I doubt
if I'll hear.
My mind is a'drifting to places
of songs
I just can't make it stay, where I
know it belongs.

With Apologies to
Robert Burns

Let's Face Facts . . .

Someone once said, "Goals like stars may never be reached, but they may always act as guideposts." That statement is especially true today, when so many youths seem to fall short of the primary requirements for happiness and success in later life, a true and worthwhile reason for living. Though we may never accomplish that which we set before ourselves right now, these "great expectations" of youthful hopes can even be of value to us in failure.

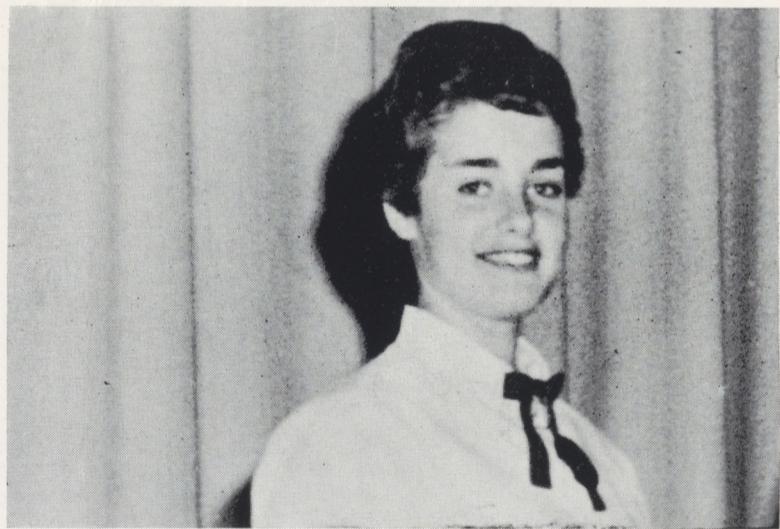
In order to accomplish *anything* in this life, it is necessary that we apply ourselves. When writing a term paper or performing a home experiment, there is one thing that we *must* do before we can ever claim credit: that is to do it in the first place! Just sitting around and looking won't magically finish it. It's the effort that pays off. But, if that effort is lazy, lackadaisical or uninterested, naturally it won't harbor success. Only application and exertion will merit any good. For many people, that is the most difficult task: getting started with a burst of speed that will last until the end. A person has to learn to do things in this way, to "make himself," so to speak. In the same vein, looking at the future as though everyone will bow down and offer success and happiness on a silver platter will get you absolutely nowhere! Even the noble ideal of wanting to be the best in whatever field you choose loses all its savour when you attack it with a devil-may-care attitude. If you do go ahead, however, with a far-reaching vision that encompasses the entire scope of the problem, success will invariably follow. And here too, even if you should fail, the lesson you have, of necessity, taught yourself, will last in everything you may ever do.

Along with this idea of "making yourself" goes the practicality that most modern educators seem to ignore: the training of morals. Honesty, conscience, right—reason are being thrown to the wind in this hustle-bustle world in which we live. The modern philosophy is "get where you're going, no matter who you have to hurt, what methods you have to use, or what scruples you have to disregard." Today's business world is full of people who have gotten "where they're going" through these notions. This reasoning policy isn't something that's acquired the first time they enter upon Wall Street. It's something that has been fostered and nourished throughout their lives. Meanness and contempt for the fundamental human values isn't a sudden thing; it grows out of the little rebellions and snickerings of youth.

In speaking more realistically, dishonesty accounts only for hardships and suffering later on in life. Charles Van Doren, the object of a recent Congressional probe, said that "the truth is the only thing in which a man can live." His lie came in acquiring a tremendous sum of money under false pretenses.

A question on a Regents State Scholarship test was, "What can or may give reason to a person's life?" Now the most important things in our lives are home, school, and the future. Our heads swim with pictures of greatness, of our becoming an epitome in our respective fields. Some perhaps will see this end, but others obviously will not. In striving for these "stars," it is compulsory that we "make ourselves," through hard work, application, and above all, the pursuit of truth and integrity in our everyday dealings with others and with ourselves!

Interview With Student Council President



On October 29th, I had the pleasure of interviewing Josephine Fiore, President of our Student Council. At this meeting, I obtained answers to questions I thought would interest you, the Student Body. My inquiries began as follows:

Ques.: How do you ordinarily begin your day?

Jo: I rise a 7:45 a.m., attend eight o'clock Mass, arrive at school at 8:30 a.m. and attend to my miscellaneous duties.

Ques.: What do you do after school and what are your hobbies?

Jo: I am a member of the Glee Club and Junior Sacristans, and I also attend to matters concerning the Student Council. My favorite hobby is dancing and I also enjoy basketball.

Ques.: What three accomplishments are you most proud of?

Jo: Well . . .

1. That I was able to come to McAuley;
2. The honor of being chosen Student Council President;
3. That I have reached the dating stage.

Ques.: What improvements would you suggest for the betterment of the Student Council?

Jo: It is my ambition to improve the traffic problem that exists during the change of classes so as to eliminate all confusion and to work towards the formation of a more united Student Council so that McAuley will rank high among the other Student Councils.

Ques.: What type of boy do you prefer to go out with?

Jo: I prefer the suave type, of college level — a MAN.

Ques.: Do you go steady or prefer free lance dating?

Jo: No, I don't believe in going steady and I rather like to keep a regular dating list.

Ques.: What do you intend to do after you graduate?

Jo: I expect to seek that type of career so as to come in contact with people and later plan to take night courses at St. John's College.

Jo wishes to thank the girls for the cooperation they are giving her, but still hopes for a closer union between the Student Council members and the student body itself.

"What You DON'T KNOW May Destroy You"

In order to develop the kind of political wisdom which is needed today, we must be trained in the art of politics to a far greater extent than ever before. We are in the midst of a period of great world strife, industrial problems and social revolution. We should not expect that in these critical times an adequate political training will be obtained through merely accidental progress. In order to meet the needs of the day, we must develop a strong sense of public spirit and take an active interest in current problems. We should look upon political apathy as illiteracy.

The United States has won many lost victories. By this rather controversial statement, I mean that we have won many wars only to lose the peace that follows.

There is a chart called the "Histomap" which shows in geographic form the course of human history for the past 4,000 years. The centuries are marked and at the end of each period a major nation is given space in proportion to the amount of influence it yielded at that time. As we look down the map we will see how, through the course of years, one by one, nations have risen to heights of glory and supremacy only to fall and occupy less space on the map.

A few inches from the bottom, nations appear and expand. The United States and Russia are prominently displayed. England, France and Germany occupy less space now than a few decades ago. The fact that we must teach our students to govern is shown right here. What a challenge we face, for in training we must do something never done before and also break the age old tradition that nations rise only to fall. Only your cooperation can make this possible.

Alumnae News

Just as McAuley echoes of the accomplishments of its present upper and underclassmen, so also does it take pride in the endeavors of its former students.

The staff and student body will be happy to hear that Maureen Gerrity, Helen Carney, Kay O'Brien and Jo Ann Giordano of the 1959 Graduating Class are postulants at the Mercy Novitiate in Syosset, L. I., and that Maureen Roche is now in the Maryknoll community in New York and Maureen Jordan is in the congregation of the Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor, Mary Sylvander is a candidate at the Notre Dame Novitiate, Baltimore.

St. John's U., St. Joseph's College and Notre Dame of Md. also house many former McAuleyans including K. DiNapoli, M. Lynch, F. Mautone and K. Renz and all reports seem to indicate that they are happily on the road to success.

Mary Boyle, Carol Brady and M. Corcoran, student nurses at St. Mary's and Kings County, are also eagerly working toward their goal as R.N.'s.

And finally, the business world where the majority of the graduates fill secretarial positions informs us that all are content in their chosen careers.

Rosalie Points West . . .

Just one hour and forty-five minutes from Brooklyn, traveling north on Route 9W stands the historic show-place of New York, backbone of the Army elite—West Point.

One fateful Saturday morning, with hands full of luggage, a head full of qualms and misgivings, I stood at the reception gate wondering what was in store. The M.P. smiled at me impersonally, and, like the duchess I swept past, hoping all the while that I wouldn't fall flat on my face (an old family tradition).

With beating heart and butterflies in my stomach, I found my way to Grant Hall, an old stone edifice that held all the fresh faced plebes waiting for their guests. My plebe was standing there all spit-and-polish from the tip of his mirror-shined shoes to the bristles of his G.I. haircut. Even the bandaid, bravely hiding the wound from the "Battle of the Razor" looked military. A casual handshake (anything else would have cost 8 demerits) and we were off on a whirlwind tour of the academy.

How can one put into words the panoramic beauty of the Point? The breathtaking view from the Battle Monument, looking like Bali-Hai, the trip to yesteryear at the museum, the autumn-touched promenade along Flirtation Walk, and the soul-stirring, heart-beating parade of the cadets, all defy description.

After the parade, we hurried to Michie Stadium to watch Army lose gracefully to Penn State. What sportsmanship! Although the cadets were bitterly disappointed, they took the defeat in stride.

To take the bitter taste of defeat out of our mouths, we had dinner (which always helps). Then back we went to the girls' dormitories to dress for the formal. On to Cullum Hall! We waltzed, we cha-cha'd, we rocked 'n' rolled until midnight.

Sunday shone brightly as we wended our way to Mass in the Catholic Chapel. The chapel is a modern stone structure, simple but beautiful. After breakfast, we strolled about taking in more of the view, talking small talk, pushing away subconsciously the fact that time was fleeing.

Then came the tea-dance. I never realized before how much charm a cup of tea could hold. The boys in gray, the girls in soft pastels, the gay crescendo of laughter, and then . . . it was all over.

I collected my luggage, renewed my promises, said my adieux, and piled into the bus. For the next hour and forty-five minutes, I relived the past thirty-six hours. I danced the same dances, talked the same small talk, and walked the same walks. I experienced no melancholia, just anticipation for Christmas Week. I'll never, never forget my first Weekend at West Point.

Thanksgiving Dawn Is Turkey's Dusk

It seems to me that the spirit of giving has finally struck farmer Lem and his family.

I've been on the farm for many a year now and have never received such treatment as of the last few weeks. "Good morning Gus, here's some more feed and water." With a quick gobble, gobble, I gulp down the extra portion now added to my diet. Besides extra "eats," I am now the children's personal pet. Timmy loves to stroke my neck and tell me how plump I'm getting, while Susie just enjoys looking at me and drooling, (why the latter I don't know!) Maw stops when she passes my pen, long enough to smile, and say, "nice turkey."

Haven't seen hide nor hair of anyone this mornin'. Oh! Here comes farmer Lem now. Probably come to keep me company. Hey! He's taking me to the woods for exercise? Wonder what that thing is in his hands? Gulp. It's an ax! N-N-Now Leem, let's not lose our heads. Yipes! What am I saying?

Moral—No matter how good you are to your friends, you always get it in the neck.

THE NUN'S STORY**AUTHOR**

The Nun's Story, by Kathryn Hulme, is written in beautiful style. It is a credit to the author's ingenuity and unique manner of expression. It is truly distinct in its characterization and content. However, it is open for criticism on its validity.

The book paints a picture of the religious life as seen by one woman who, so it is said, spent seventeen years of her life in the convent. The experience of this woman in her religious state may be true in her imagination, but it is evident to those who are familiar with the ways of the sisterhood that the book is at times greatly exaggerated. For instance, the author writes of Sister Luke's interior and exterior struggle for perfection, as though it were existent in no one else. From our experience as lay people, we know that this endless struggle is present in our own lives. Everyone of us lives each day in a constant turmoil trying to attain perfection in a mild degree. How the author can expect to convey this incident to us as occurring only to Sister Luke is beyond reason, unless, of course, the author meant to depict Sister Luke as a fanatical personality.

However well the book may be written, it definitely denounces itself in over exaggeration.

vs.

DIRECTOR

The motion picture, *The Nun's Story*, directed by Fred Zinnemann, is the film version of Kathryn Hulme's best selling novel. Audrey Hepburn, appearing as Sister Luke, supposedly portrays the true life of a nun — how she lives, how she thinks and what she feels in the dedicated surroundings of a Catholic convent. Her performance is brilliant. However, the story itself, creates a false illusion for it tends to give the audience the impression that life in a religious community is one filled with constant inner struggles, repeated disappointments and spiritual uneasiness. A life so completely empty of memories and feelings, that it is against nature. Surely, we, as intelligent students can realize how exaggerated and untrue most of the scenes were. However, how many ill-informed, ignorant moviegoers misinterpreted this way of life as being a hard, cold vocation; rather than a vocation warm with so deep an unhesitant love of God that the result can only be one of complete happiness.

Tune Twitters

By Joanne Pisano

"A Great Romance" — started at the McAuley dance.

"Don't You Know" — that pennies don't work in the Pepsi machine.

"Teen Beat" — the closing of the lockers at dismissal.

"I'm Mister Blue" — when exams come around.

"Just To Be With You" — I received a demerit for skipping official.

"You Were Mine" — lost Senior ring.

"I Love You Porgy" — but I can't go steady because I love Butch and Joey too.

"Fools' Hall Of Fame" — Summer school.

"I'm Gonna Get Married" — aim of most McAuleyans.

"Three Bells" — needed in the cafeteria.

"Misty" — after report cards.

"The Angels Listened In" — I got a date for the Senior Dance.

"It Happened Today" — I made school on time.

"Put Your Head On My Shoulder" — and cry over your marks.

"Don't You Know" — NO! Why do you think I failed?

"Seven Little Girls Sitting In The Back Seat" — My! what a crowd

"Crying In The Chapel" — after the reception of report cards.

Attention McAuley!

Margaret Kane posts bulletin announcing the Short Story Contest; Dorothy Thavaglione and Lucille Acito look on.

By Dorothy De Sena

Did you ever have the unshakable urge to write an article of lively interest and swashbuckling adventure, set in the chivalrous days of old? Or perhaps you prefer the realistic, poignant profile of a modern teenager, in her struggle toward womanhood? Whatever your preference, we, the McAuley Staff, feel confident that your creative talent can be channeled into possibilities for our up-coming Short Story Contest. Pull up a chair and listen for awhile; remember YOU can be the fortunate girl selected as the coveted winner of our talent probe.

Transferring ideas to paper is a difficult job, requiring deep thought and tedious effort—but the finished product gives a grand feeling of achievement to one who actually puts her soul into her "written creation." It is a pleasure each girl should experience. Why not pick up your pen and give it a try?

In order to qualify, we ask you to follow a few simple rules:

- Your Short Story must be brief and concise. No more than 550 words will be accepted.

- Each candidate is to sign a form stating that her work is original.

- All articles must be given to Marjorie Kane, in charge of the contest, no later than December.

Use your imagination, throw open the doors to your dreams and tell your story to us. A god key engraved with the winner's name will be presented by Mother Eustace at the Christmas Assembly. Other prizes will be awarded to the runner-ups.

McAuley, let's get those stories flowing, remember you can be tops.

Doubling for 'EMILY'

We are all familiar with *Emily*, now we would like to present our own *Amelia* Toast. After taking the lid off your problems, she will endeavor through her personal and experienced advice to re-cap you.

Dear Amelia,

How would you eat artichokes?

I wouldn't! If they choked Artie they're not going to choke me.

Dear Amelia,

Is it proper to eat fried chicken with fingers?

No, fingers should be eaten separately.

Dear Amelia,

The girl next to me eats a carrot every day at lunch. The crunching noise is driving me crazy, is there anything I can do?

Just be patient; pretty soon she'll hop away.

Dear Amelia,

I am 17 years old and would like to know if it is proper to accept gifts, sodas and the like from a boy who is two months younger than I am?

This would certainly be most improper to take all this attention from a boy who is only 16 and 10 months, but since I am 16 and 9 months, please give me his phone number.

Dear Amelia,

How can you help a friend who is slightly unbalanced?

Buy him a good pair of shoes.

Dear Amelia,

Which should be put on first, a hat or a scarf?

A hat, because it goes on ahead, while the scarf hangs around.

Dear Amelia,

My grandmother always cheats at cards. What can we do?

—Puzzled

The answer's Pok-er.

Dear Amalia,

What can I do about my newspaper boy who insists on riding his bicycle across my lawn?

Attach a lawn-mower to his bike.

Dear Amelia,

When I get nervous, my teeth chatter. How can I stop it?

Swallow them.

1960 Booster Drive Hailed As Complete Success



(Right) Valerie Viverito, 4A3, and Elizabeth Merlino, 4A1, congratulate each other on their outstanding efforts.

By Lena Bishop

Competition had been high throughout McAuley for the two weeks starting September 18, when boosters, ads, and patrons were distributed to each of the classes. With the days of the drive drawing to a close, school-spirited McAuleyans were carefully watching the results from each class. These were posted from day to day on the cafeteria bulletin board.

Every girl was given an equal chance in the drive, where the amount of advertising to be sold by each was unlimited. Up until Friday evening, October 2, at the Yearbook Dance, when the results were announced, the tension and excitement were clearly evident between both the faculty and the students.

With the encouragement offered by Sister Mary Vianney and the financial assistance offered by

Valerie Viverito in the sum of \$240, the 4A-3 won the Booster Drive by a great percentage. Congratulations are in order for Elizabeth Merlino of the 4A-1 who brought in \$170, gaining her the title of being the second top salesgirl and helping to bring her class into second place in the Drive. The seniors captured the remainder of the top honors when the 4A-4 claimed the position of third place winners.

The winning class and every girl who brought in \$25 worth of advertising for the Yearbook is entitled to a Broadway show, which will be the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical "Sound of Music" and dinner at McGinnis'.

This is the most successful drive that the Yearbook has ever sponsored. May next year's be even better, if this can be accomplished.

McAuley's Special 'ANGE'

By Patricia Donnelly

"Like sparkling champagne"—that is an apt description of Madame Clark, McAuley's French teacher. Crisp grey hair, laughing brown eyes and a gay, melodious voice, made even more musical by her delightful accent, all give that impression. Madame radiates vitality, charm and warmth and her chic, modish appearance delights the eye. She has the gay insouciance of youth and this is what endears her to the faculty and the students as well.

Yet beneath this blitheness of spirit one can sense the deep current of thoughtfulness which marks the person of culture and sensitivity. There is about her an indefinable aura of good breeding which one instinctively recognizes and responds to readily.

Madame has widely traveled. Two summers ago, she returned to her birthplace in Alsace-Lorraine. She has visited almost all of Europe and many sections of the United States. Her constant traveling has intensified her interest in languages. Besides English and her native French, Madame speaks German and Italian fluently and is well versed in Spanish and Latin, also.

Her greatest love is the teaching of French. Of this she says, "I have always loved teaching since I was a little girl and I feel that it is so important for girls of high school age to be familiar with the French language. Not only is it the language of diplomacy, but it has long been a symbol of prestige and background throughout the world."

All of the qualities mentioned so far are pale in comparison to Madame Clark's deep religiousness, which is the motivating factor of her life. It is obvious that she is an intensely devoted Catholic laywoman, who finds fulfillment for her devotion in dedicated teaching of the Catholic young girls of McAuley.

Upperclassmen Echo Warning to Freshmen

By Ann Ellen Heenan

We sincerely hope that the Freshmen have been content during their first few months in high school. We feel it only fair, however, to take it upon ourselves to warn them of our idiosyncrasies in McAuley. They should become acquainted with these to avoid situations both embarrassing and unnecessary.

For example, Frosh, don't set out to prove the fallacy of our third floor alarm system. This is one story that is strange, but true.

It is our wish that the above statement has reached believing,

distasteful color combinations as mustard on maroon.

On other "minor" factors we feel it wise to inform you of the school rules, Supreme Seniors and of course, the traditional jokers who never give up trying to sell you a pass to the pool.

If you bear our admonitions in mind, we are sure, you will now wander about the halls of McAuley not as a bewildered but rather an enlightened, Freshman.

Language Laughs

Pepe: "How do you make Mexican chile?"

Juan: "I don't know, how do you?"

Pepe: "Echando agua sobre las espaldas de un mexicano."

* * *

Do girls like conceited boys better than the other kinds?

¿Qué otro tipo?

* * *

Dentist: "Your teeth are in perfect condition."

Texas Millionaire: "Sin embargo, taladre Vd. Me siento afortunado."

* * *

John: "Do you have anything to keep my hair in?"

Barber: "Oui, une boite."

* * *

If you have seven people and only one pint of milk, how do you make the milk go around?

Renversez-le!

* * *

Caesar: "A martinus, please."

Bartender: "You mean martini."

Caesar: "When I want more, 'rogabo'."

* * *

Teacher: "How was your exam?"

Student: "Veni, vidi, victus sum."

* * *

Then there were the two red corpuscles who loved in vein.

* * *

The best way to drive a baby buggy is to tickle his little feet.

* * *

Then there was the cow that swallowed the bottle of milk and mooed indigo.

Sure Ways to Ruin a Club

1. Don't attend the meetings, but if you do, arrive late.
2. Be sure to leave before the meeting ends.
3. Never add new ideas to the club discussions — wait until you get outside.
4. When at the meeting, vote to do everything, then go home and do nothing.
5. Take no part in the organization's affairs.
6. Find fault with the officers and other members.
7. Be sure to sit in the back, so you can talk freely to another member.
8. Take all the benefits the club offers you, but don't give anything in return.
9. Always threaten to quit the club at every opportunity and try to influence others to do likewise.
10. Talk about cooperation, but don't cooperate.
11. If asked to help, say you haven't time.
12. When the others willingly and unselfishly use their ability to better the club, howl that the club is run by a clique.

New Varsity Poses Threat

Beware rivals! 'cause McAuley's back this year with its new additions to the regular varsity blend to give the toughest and the best competition ever organized by one team.

With each new year our power increases and we are now under the supervision of Sister Mary Ellen and Sister Mary Vianney with Mrs. Esposito again contributing her skill and knowledge.

The new varsity includes: Joanne Walsh, Marilyn Zarski, Doris Muloff, Kathy Plock, and Regina Hands among the seniors, with Terry Vecchi, Angelina Russo, Mary Ellen Gallegar, and Linda Efferige representing the other classes.

Only the months ahead will show how the competition will rate against this OUT TO WIN THEM ALL team.

The season opened November 4 with St. Michael's Commercial giving us the first opportunity to show just what we have learned and to prove that "We are THE team to beat those teams."

Wanderlust

By Margaret Kane

Dear Diary:

The months seem to have flown by and here I am again in my adopted home of America, over-brimming with the memories of a unique adventure I shall treasure always.

My mind wanders endlessly, and I see myself a few, short months ago, a young, nervous Idria Barone, embarking a streamlined plane bound for the suave, festive continent of Europe. As if in a dream, we were transported across the immense, blue waters of the Atlantic, into the arms of a secure Parisian runway, and the hearts of a gay, and extremely creative people. It is true that everyone falls in love with Paris. There is something magic in the air, in the magnificent panoramas, in the little, winding streets, in the cathedrals and palaces alive with a glorious past, in the very sidewalks along the tree-lined avenues, in the population itself. I awoke early each morning to see the great city come to life before me: the adolescent French boy would be bicycling down the cobbled streets, carrying piles of long, seeded bread on his shoulders; the Parisian women would be airing their blankets, chattering in lucid French to their neighbors — and they were all unaware of the staring eyes of a little, bewildered American spying through the shutters of her small room above. On our many excursions, I found that Paris is a city of many landmarks, the huge Eiffel Tower, the Arch of Triumph, Sacre-Coeur, and the magnificent Louvre Museum — all take one's breath away.

All too soon we were spirited through France into Holland, with its innumerable windmills, tulips, and meandering canals, and finally to Italy, the land of sun and the country in which I was born some fourteen-odd years ago. The boot of Italy is a place of yesterdays and tomorrows. Past and present are so intermingled that I found it difficult to decide whether the Roman ruins, medieval churches or modern structures fascinated me most. My family and I arrived in Rome at dusk and I can still remember vividly the sun slowly sinking across the horizon and Rome's seven hills silhouetted against the pastel sky. It is an eternal city and my heart embraced its magnitude and splendor. Of course, we were guided as the typical tourists through the many ruins and I gazed at the Colosseum in awe. I sat on one of its many loose stone benches and before me I could visualize the days of the Roman empire when brave Christians suffered mutilation and cruel death in its open ring. Today, it is only a shell, a reminder of the old, pagan way of life. On our last day in the city, we visited Vatican City in hope of a glance at our Holy Father, St. Peter's Square was teeming with the faithful and I was privileged to see only the back of a receding figure in white from a window far above the multitude.

Off we went to Capri, where we picnicked on a grassy slope overlooking the crystal-blue sea, and then to our final destination of Vizzini and the thatched cottage where I, and my parents before me, were born. Vizzini is a small, rather quiet village whose people live a simple life tending to their farms and livestock. Once there, I renewed my childhood friendships and settled into the serene atmosphere. The night before we left for the States, I walked along the road from town and stumbled upon an old, stone chapel surrounded by trees and almost unseen in the dark night. I pushed back the heavy planked door and stood at a shrine to Our Blessed Mother, a plain, placid woman gazing down at me from her niche in the wall. I whispered a slow prayer and stayed within the chapel's protective walls for a very long time, silently thanking my friends in Heaven and here on earth, each unknown Parisian, Italian and the villagers of Vizzini for letting me share their lives for this brief period.

Yes, my diary, these memories will be placed in a special part of my heart to be remembered lovingly throughout the many years.

Fordham Press Conference



Mr. Flynn, Chairman of the Conference, explains important details.

On Saturday, October 10, members of the "Mercian" and "McAuleyan" staffs were privileged to attend the Twelfth Catholic Publications Conference held at Fordham University in the Bronx. This conference convenes yearly for the purpose of encouraging and improving Catholic high school publications.

Among the great variety of subjects available, those touching upon "Layout and Portrayal of the Yearbook" by Frank Montano, the Art Director of the New City Printing Company and "Laying Out the Newspaper" by Regis Boyle, Chairman of the Journalism Department of the Catholic University of America were prominent.

The guest speaker for the event was Rev. Herman D'Souza whom McAuleyans may remember from one of our previous assemblies. Dr. James J. Flynn was also most helpful in combining the various facets of journalism into a composite and appealing whole.

The individual sessions were conducted by capable authorities in the various fields of publications, thus affording the participants the first-fruits of numerous years of journalistic experience.